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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Song.

From the German of HEINE.

As the moon's image trembling falls  
On the wild ocean's heaving breast,  
While still and calm through heaven's blue halls  
She moves above the waves' unrest,

So keepest thou, beloved one,  
So still and calm, thy course above,  
While in my trembling heart alone  
Thy wavering image seems to move.

Thou 'rt like an opening flower,  
So good and pure and fair,  
I look on thee, and sadness  
Steals o'er me unaware,

As though my hands in blessing  
Were laid upon thy brow,  
Praying that God might keep thee  
As fair and pure as now.

S.

Translated for this Journal.

## Henri Heine about Music and Musicians.

III. SPONTINI AND MEYERBEER.

PARIS, JUNE 12, 1840.

The Chevalier SPONTINI is just now bombarding the poor Parisians with letters, hoping at any cost to remind the public of his forgotten person. I have a circular before me at this moment, which he sends to all the editors, and which no one will print, out of regard for sound human understanding and for Spontini's old name. The ridiculous borders here on the sublime. This painful weakness, which expresses itself, or rather frets itself out, in the most *baroque* style, is quite as remarkable for the physician as for the student of language. The former sees in it the sad phenomenon of a vanity, which blazes up in the mind with all the greater fury as the nobler faculties burn out in it; but the latter, the linguist, sees what a delightful jargon arises when a stiff Italian, who while in France has necessarily learned a little French, has further cultivated this so-called Italian-French during a residence of five-and-twenty years in Berlin, until the old gibberish has become oddly interlarded with Sarmatian barbarisms.

The circular is dated February, but was recently sent here again, because Signor Spontini hears that they want to bring out his famous work here again; which is nothing but an accident—an accident which he would improve, in order to be called here. After some pathetic declamation against his enemies, he continues:—*Et voilà justement le nouveau piège que je crois avoir deviné, et ce qui me fait un inférieux (?) devoir de m'opposer, me trouvant absent, à la remise en scène de mes opéras sur le théâtre de l'académie royale de musique, à moins que je ne sois officiellement engagé moi-même par l'administration, sous la garantie du Ministère de l'Intérieur, à me rendre à Paris, pour aider de mes conseils créateurs les artistes (la tradition de mes opéras étant perdue) pour assister aux répétitions et contribuer au succès de la "Vestale," puisque*

*c'est d'elle qu'il s'agit.\** This is the only passage in these Spontine marshes, where there is firm ground; here the cunning of the fellow stretches out its long ears. The man wishes to leave Berlin altogether, where he can hold out no longer, since the operas of MEYERBEER have been performed there; and a year ago he came here for a few weeks, and ran about from morning to midnight to all persons of influence, begging them to further his re-call to Paris. As most people here supposed him long since dead, they were not a little terrified by his sudden ghost-like apparition. There was in fact something to make one feel uneasy in the wily agility of these dead bones. M. Duponchel, the director of the Grand Opera, did not admit him to his presence and cried out with terror: "This intriguing mummy may stand off; I have enough to bear already from the intrigues of the living!" Yet had Moritz Schlesinger, the publisher of Meyerbeer's operas—for through this good, honorable soul had the Chevalier announced his visit to Duponchel—volunteered all his trust-inspiring eloquence to place the bearer of his introduction in the best light. In the choice of this introducing medium M. Spontini displayed all his shrewdness. He showed it also on other occasions; for instance, when he talked about a person, it was usually with that person's most intimate friends. He told the French writers, that in Berlin he had arrested a German writer who had written against him. To the French *cantatrici* he complained about the German *cantatrici*, who would not accept an engagement at the Berlin opera, without a proviso in the contract, that they should not sing in any opera of Spontini's!

But he is resolved at any rate to come here; he can no longer bear to stay in Berlin, to which city, as he says, he has been banished by the hatred of his enemies, and where still he is allowed no rest. So in these days he writes to the editor of *La France Musicale*: his enemies are not satisfied with driving him across the Rhine, across the Weser, across the Elbe; they even wish to drive him further, across the Vistula, across the Niemen! He finds great resemblance between his own fate and that of Napoleon. He fancies himself a genius, against whom all the musical powers conspire. Berlin is his St. Helena, and Rellstab his Hudson Lowe. But now his bones must be allowed to return to Paris and be solemnly deposited in that musical Hotel des Invalides, the Académie Royale de Musique.

The Alpha and Omega of all the Spontini-an complaints is MEYERBEER. When the Chevalier did me the honor of a visit here in Paris, he was

\* "And here is just the new snare which I think I have divined, and which makes it an imperious (?) duty with me to oppose, I being absent, the putting of my operas again upon the stage of the Royal Academy of Music, unless I shall be officially engaged in person by the administration, under the guaranty of the Minister of the Interior, to come to Paris, to aid the artists with my creative counsels (the tradition of my operas being lost), to assist at the rehearsals and to contribute to the success of the *Vestale*, since that is the opera in question."

inexhaustible in stories swollen with gall and poison. He cannot deny the fact, that the king of Prussia has loaded our great Giacomo with marks of honor, and even thinks of entrusting him with high offices and dignities; but he knows how to impute the basest motives to this royal favor. He ends with believing his own inventions, and he assured me, with an air of deepest conviction, that, one day when he was dining with his Majesty, his Royal Highness confessed to him at the table with good-humored frankness, that he meant to fasten Meyerbeer in Berlin at whatever price, in order to prevent this millionaire from spending his fortune in a foreign country. And since music, the desire to shine as a composer, is a well-known weakness of the rich man, he (the king) seeks to turn this weak side to account, and lure the glory-seeker by distinctions. It is melancholy, the king is supposed to have added, that a native talent, possessed of such great power and almost genius, should have to lavish its good, hard Prussian dollars in Italy and Paris, to win the fame of a composer—"whatever one can have for gold, is also to be had with us in Berlin; in our hot-houses grow laurels too for fools, who are willing to pay for them; our journalists, too, are clever and like a good breakfast or a good dinner; our street porters and our pickle-venders have as hard hands for applauding as the Parisian *claque*—nay, if our idlers spent their evenings in the Opera house, instead of in the tavern, to applaud the *Huguenots*, they would gain in culture by it—the lower classes must be morally and aesthetically elevated, and the main thing is, that money circulate among the people, particularly in the capital." In such wise, as Spontini assured me, did his Majesty express himself, by way of excuse, as it were, for sacrificing him, the composer of the *Vestale*, to Meyerbeer. When I remarked, that it was really very laudable in a prince to make such a sacrifice to promote the welfare of his capital, Spontini broke in: "O, you are mistaken, the king of Prussia protects bad music not on grounds of political economy, but rather because he hates musical Art, and knows that it must go down through the example and direction of a man, who, without any feeling for the true and noble, only seeks to flatter the rude multitude."

I could not help frankly confessing to the spiteful Italian, that it was unwise in him to deny his rival any merit. Rival! exclaimed he furiously, and ten times changed color, until at last the yellow held the upper-hand again—and then composing himself, he asked with a sneering grin: "Are you so sure that Meyerbeer is really the composer of the music that is performed under his name?" I was not a little startled by this mad-house question, and heard with astonishment that Meyerbeer had bought of some poor musicians in Italy their compositions, and prepared operas therefrom, which however had fallen through, because the rubbish they had given was quite too miserable. That afterwards

he had got hold of something better from a talented abbé in Venice, which he embodied in his *Crociato*. That he also possessed the manuscripts left by Weber, which he coaxed out of his widow, and from which he certainly would draw hereafter. That *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots* were for the most part the productions of a Frenchman, by the name of Gouin, who was heartily glad to get his operas brought out under Meyerbeer's name, lest he should lose his place as *chef de bureau* in the post-office, as his superiors would certainly mistrust his administrative zeal, if they knew that he was a dreamy composer; the Philistines hold practical functions to be incompatible with artistic endowments, and the post-officer Gouin is prudent enough to be silent about his authorship, and leave all the worldly fame to his ambitious friend Meyerbeer. Hence the intimate connection of the two men, whose interests are complements of one another. But a father is still a father, and friend Gouin has the fate of his intellectual children constantly at heart; the details of the performance and the success of *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots* claim his entire attention; he is present at every rehearsal, he is continually talking with the opera director, with the singers, the dancers, the *chef de claque*, the journalists; he runs from morning till evening to all the editors' offices to carry paragraphs in behalf of the so-called Meyerbeer operas, and his indefatigableness astonishes everybody.

When Spontini communicated this hypothesis to me, I confessed that it was not wholly without plausibility, and that, although the robust exterior, the brick-red face, the greasy black hair of the aforesaid M. Gouin reminded one more of an ox-driver or a grazier than of a composer, yet there was much in his conduct to justify suspicion that he might be the author of the Meyerbeer operas. He often speaks of *Robert le Diable* or the *Huguenots* as "our opera." He lets slip such expressions as; "We have a rehearsal to-day"—"we must curtail an aria." It is singular, too, that at no performance of these operas is M. Gouin absent, and if an *aria di bravura* is applauded, he forgets himself entirely, and bows in all directions, as if he would thank the public. I confessed all this to the irate Italian, but yet I added that, in spite of my having noticed all this with my own eyes, I did not consider M. Gouin the author of the Meyerbeer operas; I cannot believe that M. Gouin wrote the *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable*; but if it be the case, the artist's vanity must surely gain the upper hand at last, and M. Gouin will publicly claim the authorship of those operas for himself.

No, replied the Italian with a sinister look, as piercing as a bare stiletto, this Gouin knows his Meyerbeer too well not to know what means stand at his terrible friend's command for putting aside any one who is dangerous to him. He is capable, under the pretext that his poor Gouin is crazy, of having him shut up in Charenton forever, and the poor fellow might be thankful to have got off alive. All who stand in the way of this greedy seeker after honor are obliged to yield. Where is Weber? where Bellini? Hum! hum!

This hum! hum! in spite of all its shameless malice, was so droll, that I could not help laughing as I remarked: "But you, maestro, you are not yet crowded out of the way; neither is Donizet-

ti, nor Mendelssohn, nor Rossini, nor Halevy." "Hum! hum!" was the answer, "hum! hum! Halevy does not trouble his *confère*, and the latter would willingly enough pay him for just existing as an undangerous foil to himself; and of Rossini he knows, through his spies, that he composes not a note more—Rossini's stomach has suffered enough, too, and he never touches a piano, lest he excite Meyerbeer's suspicion. Hum! hum! But thank God! only our bodies can be killed, and not our minds' productions; these will bloom on in eternal freshness, while with death this mere musical escutcheon with its immortality will come to an end, and his operas will follow him into the dumb realm of oblivion!"

It was with difficulty I could bridle my indignation when I heard with what audacious disparagement the envious Italian spoke of the great and honored master, who is the pride of Germany and the delight of the East, and who certainly must be considered and admired as the true creator of *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots*. No, no Gouin has composed aught so splendid! To be sure, with all my reverence for high genius, there will sometimes arise in me considerable doubt as regards the immortality of those master-works after the departure of the master; but in my conversation with Spontini I assumed the air as if I were convinced of their duration after death, and, to annoy the malicious Italian, I made a revelation to him in confidence from which he could see, with what far-sightedness Meyerbeer had provided for the thriving of his intellectual children beyond the grave. "This providence," said I, "is a psychological proof, that the real father is not M. Gouin, but the great Giacomo. In fact, he has created an entail as it were in his will in favor of his musical brain-children, leaving to each a capital, the interest of which is to be applied to securing the future of the poor orphans, so that after as well as before the departure of their father, all the necessary outlays for popularity, the expenses of finery, the *claque*, newspaper puffs, &c., may be met. Even on the yet unborn little "Prophet" the tender progenitor is said to have settled the sum of 150,000 Prussian dollars. Truly, never yet came prophet into the world with such a fortune; the carpenter's son of Bethlehem and the camel-driver of Mecca were not so well off. *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots* are said to be less richly endowed; they perhaps can live for some time on their own fat, so long as splendid decorations and dainty ballet-legs are provided for; afterwards they will need a subsidy. For the *Crociato* the bequest need not be so brilliant; here the father justly shows himself a little niggardly, and he complains that the extravagant young fellow cost him too much once in Italy; he is a spendthrift. So much the more magnanimously thoughtful is he for his unhappy, fallen-through daughter, *Emma di Rosburgo*; she is to be annually re-announced by the press, to receive a new portion, and appear in an *édition de luxe* of satin velvet; for crippled changelings the loving heart of parents always beats the truest. In this way are all of Meyerbeer's spiritual children well provided for; their future is insured for all time. Hate blinds even the most prudent, and it is no wonder, that a passionate fool like Spontini did not altogether doubt my words. "O!" he exclaimed, "he is capable of anything! Unhappy times! Unhappy world!"

## German Music.

From "Truth about Music and Musicians," translated from the German, by SABILLA NOVELLO, for Novello's Musical Times.

It is usual to speak of German, French, and Italian music, although a Music may and does exist, equally popular in all countries. But, as the character of different nations influences music, as it does everything else, Tonal Art displays, in every land where it is cultivated, certain peculiarities, sometimes more, sometimes less salient,—sometimes praised as excellencies, sometimes blamed as defects.

To German music, which forms the subject of my present letter, has been generally ascribed superior qualities; but it also has many deficiencies, which I shall especially mention. Both the excellencies and the defects of German music are fundamentally the same as those of German character, and, on this account, resemble the excellencies and defects of German literature.

The peculiarities of German character which we may even call excellencies are: *Universality*, which seeks to apprehend and compass all; which endeavors to discover and appropriate to itself the good that exists in other nations and in other ages; which can comprehend and sympathize with anomalous circumstances, &c., &c.: *Profundity*, which endeavors to penetrate into the Mysterious, and to ascertain the radical cause of all visible and tangible presentments: *Perseverance*, which untiringly pursues an object, and relinquishes it not until completely conquered: *Seriousness*, which, by preference, proposes as its Ideal, all that is great, elevating, and significant: *Tenderness*, which sympathetically divines the intricate workings of the human soul, but especially yearns after pathetic sweetness, soft emotion, and ardent aspiration.

These characteristic features of the German people are traceable in German music, which is also distinguished by its *universality*. Not only has it employed all existing forms used by other nations, such as opera, church music, &c., &c.; but it has invented new forms, such as the quartet, the symphony,—in fact, chamber and instrumental music altogether, in the present acceptance of the word; this branch of Art has remained, until now, the special property of Germany.

Neither French, nor Italian writers have produced any quartet, symphony, or, in short (with the exception of opera-overtures), any instrumental music worthy to be compared with German works of this class; a few scattered essays in this style have occasionally appeared in France and Italy, but they could obtain no durable success, either in their native land or in Germany.

To German profundity and perseverance in ascertaining the original nature and possible development of Tonal Art we are indebted for that wonderful science,—thematic treatment, which imparts to the different forms of instrumental pieces, technical solidity, clearness, and intelligibility; it offers innumerable resources of ever-interesting change, by which a musical piece, containing but few principal themes, acquires manifold charms, and exhibits the purest unity combined with extraordinary variety.

Of this science, the French and Italians make scarcely any use; they repeat a theme, but almost always in its original shape; altogether, they retain existing forms to a remarkable degree, notwithstanding their otherwise acknowledged inconstancy and versatility. Italians have, as yet, taken no notice of German music, and the French have done so but on few occasions. Germans, on the contrary, have attempted the boldest innovations and reforms. Gluck, who entirely remodelled opera music, was a German; and, although he worked in and for Paris, yet his style did not find any direct imitators there, although the influence of his principles may be traced in later French operas.

The same remarks may apply to the science of instrumentation, in which Germans have far surpassed Italians and French; for, while these latter for ever and ever repeat usual and worn-out combinations, the former for ever seek to discover new and unprecedented effects. This science, as also that of thematic treatment, has been much advanced in France by Hector Berlioz; but, in these efforts, he has abandoned his native French element; by inclination and by study he is German, and is an exception to his countrymen.

German composers have, in a much higher degree than French and Italian writers, rendered musical expression, or the language of Tone, clearly and distinctly intelligible,—have faithfully represented all states of the soul, from gayest sprightliness to deepest melancholy.

*Tenderness* finds its most perfect, its most thrilling accents in German music. Thus we may justly assert that German music strives more earnestly,



more perseveringly, and more zealously, to attain the Ideal of Art,—the harmonious union of Truth and Beauty; and has reached nearer its proposed goal than has the music of any other nation. Germany may therefore be said to possess the *worthiest* national music.

Those peculiarities, however, of German character, which often are excellencies, and produce excellencies in German music, occasionally lapse into defects, which in like manner produce defects in German music. Thus, inclination towards *universality* not seldom preponderates in undue proportion to executive power, and leads small talent to fritter itself away. Not all can compass *All*, and therefore production is great—in quantity, but not in quality.

*Profundity* leads to hair-splitting and pedantry. Germans, who seek to penetrate deep mysteries, easily become abstruse, unintelligible, and tedious; they bind the wings of Fancy, and do not create, but laboriously concoct their musical works.

*Perseverance* degenerates into obstinacy, which doggedly and unreasonably retains even obvious errors.

*Seriousness* will occasionally cause neglect of grace, airiness, charm, and spirit; while *tenderness* may lead to an objectless yearning after—we know not what,—to a morbid sentimentality,—to vain aspirations towards an undefined Ideal.

All these faults and shortcomings may be detected in German music, and are as essentially its characteristics as the above-cited excellencies. Foreign opinion discerns principally these defects, and sets them prominently forth; having, during centuries, recognized them in our national compositions. German pride, on the contrary, will only discern the excellencies; and thus it ensues that, on one hand, a determined musical *Germanomania* prevails, which, as all extremes produce antagonism, has elicited an opposite feeling,—a predilection for exotic musical productions.

*Germanomania* will perceive nothing good or worthy of imitation in the music of other nations; it holds all the weaknesses, deficiencies, errors, and eccentricities of Germans as excusable, or even to be praiseworthy peculiarities, and, on this account, especially cultivates them, employs them pre-eminently, and exaggerates their features. Our many charmless symphonies, quartets, overtures, &c., are crying witnesses of this *Germanomania*.

Its opposite extreme—predilection for foreign works—merely loves and seeks French and Italian music, which is generally more pleasing to the ear,—and looks down with contempt on all the great and glorious qualities of German music, because it is not always gay—because it demands complete and steady attention, and oft-times thrills the soul with profound emotion. To this predilection may be attributed the prevalence of Italian and French operas on our stage, and the German propensity to imitate modern Italian, and, more especially, the modern French frivolous operatic style,—to exclusively strive after music which may gratify the ear, without any reference to truthful delineation of character, sentiment, or situation.

Mid-way between the extremes lies the sure path.

If we properly encourage our good qualities,—if we pursue the course indicated to us by our great masters in their immortal works, which display all the excellencies without the defects of the German element,—we may still lay claim to the possession of first-rank music, and we may still further cultivate and develop its capabilities.

It is a great, though an oft-repeated fallacy, to assert that French and Italian musicians are incapable of composing scientific, contrapuntal combinations, or of writing in polyphonic style; Germans first learnt this art from Italians, who now, however, choose to neglect it, as they are essentially practical, and have ascertained that such music no longer produces universal effect on the nation,—that the public no longer admires it. Italian composers give merely that which is demanded by the public, or by singers. Should a musician obey his own humors, and not the will of the public for whom he writes, he would be utterly ruined, for in Italy all listeners are equally connoisseurs, although not in our German sense of the word; an Italian audience is not divided into the two sects of initiated and uninitiated, who exercise such baneful dominion in Germany.

The text and music of an Italian opera often enter into an alliance of expediency, or are even entirely mismatched. They are united by force,—they unceasingly protest against their bonds, and mutually injure each other; if one cry, the other laughs,—if she (the text) go one way, he (the music) rushes off in a contrary direction; but no one cares for their quarrels. An Italian composer, in order to be a *divino maestro*, is not expected to furnish either interesting text, originality, superexcellent instrumenta-

tion, characteristic expression (according to German interpretation), or uniformity; the only requisites for his opera are—melody and good singers.

Italian and French operatic poets and operatic composers (when speaking of Italians and French, we never mention other than operatic music) do not, like Germans, set up an Ideal, which they endeavor to reach; their highest, *their only lawgiver is the public*,—not even the public in general, but the public of *their time, their country, their town*—nay, even the public of this or that theatre; for instance, in Paris, the public of the Grand Opera, of the Comic Opera, &c., &c.

Their first question is: “For what public?” and according to the answer received, they write their text, or compose their music. For confirmation of what I have adduced, compare the score of the *Mutte de Portici* with that of the *Maurer*, by Auber. The first is fully instrumented, because it was composed for an opera-house of spacious size; while the second is but sparsely instrumented, because its performance was destined to take place in the smaller theatre of the Opéra Comique.

When the fully-instrumented operas by Auber and Meyerbeer are given in Germany, we blame those composers for superabundant instrumentation; but we judge them through the spectacles of German *universal principles*, and forget peculiar circumstances and appropriate adaptability,—we judge those operas which were calculated for effect in vast space by the impression they create in our small theatres, of which composers certainly took no thought.

Some injudicious, aping composers, on the contrary, consider full instrumentation as progress in Art, or, perhaps, as a reigning fashion, because it comes from Paris, and imitate this massive construction, even when composing for our small theatres; thus, what practical sense commands as perfectly expedient in one case, becomes an insupportable defect, when blindly employed in another.

We cannot doubt that exclusive consideration of the public of a day and total oblivion of a higher aim occasion many of those blemishes and deficiencies, such as unfaithfulness of expression and want of characteristic appropriateness, which disfigure French and Italian works. But it is equally certain that the contrary fault,—utter contempt for the public, and exclusive endeavor after some Ideal,—is committed by our modern German opera composers; and this may account for the fact that so many new German operas and other works are brought forth, which do not obtain any success.

Goethe has already said: “Germans are deficient in a true sense of what is *suitable* in the Arts,—that is, they too often neglect what is possible and practical, whilst dreaming and aspiring after Ideality.”

In order to win this knowledge inculcated by Goethe, our young scholars should not entirely condemn modern Italians and French, as some rigorists and advocates of Ideality would desire. Art is but Art, and can never become *reality*. Absolute naked Truth annihilates Art, which must be permitted to show us Truth under a different aspect from that which its bears when proceeding directly from Nature's hand. In *reality*, no human being *sings* his anger or his despair; therefore, every song of this kind on the stage is an untruth. But, even supposing that it were feasible to force some individual to really sing forth his anger or despair, in order that such natural expression might be correctly noted, and precisely imitated on the stage, this “truth to Nature” would only be deserving of ridicule. Germans are too disregarding of this fact, and endeavor to approximate Art too closely to Nature; while Italians and French err too far on the opposite side, and pay no regard to Nature.

This is the principal difference between *false* German and *false* Italian and French style. German music is not *sensuously agreeable enough*. French and Italian music is *sensuously agreeable merely*. He only who can combine sensuous gratification with artistic truth of expression will afford delight to Germany and to all lovers of music, as our great German masters,—Mozart, Winter, Weigl, and Weber,—have done.

Above, I have alluded to the similarity between German music and German literature. French music and French literature are also similar, for French poets write in measures more pleasing to the ear, and in forms more symmetrical than those of our German authors, who often give utterance to their most precious thoughts in formless, unintelligible, and ungraceful diction;—they wish to appear *learned*, and consider an easy, light style as frivolous, shallow, and unworthy their use. It is precisely the same with musicians.

One more simile. Our German poetry and our German music have pursued a like course, and kept even pace. In Klopstock we find strict, artistic form; in Schiller and Goethe, grace and euphony

united to richness and depth of intellect; in moderns, empty verse-tinkling or pedantic verbosity. Thus, also, in Bach we find scientific, artificially-constructed music; in Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, grace and euphony united to richness and depth of intellect; in the moderns, empty tinkling or pedantic tediousness.

#### TROUBLES OF A TURKISH MUSIC MASTER.—

Mrs. Hornsby, who has recently published a work giving her “Adventures in and around Stamboul,” says that when there she became much interested in a young French lady, who, in giving an account of the fallen fortunes of her family, also describes a new trouble. Mrs. Hornsby says: “It seems that her young brother, who is remarkably good looking, and showed a great talent for music, was sent to Vienna in their prosperous days for his education. His piano forte playing is thought much of here, and the Sultan having set the fashion of Turkish ladies learning music, he now gives lessons to the wives and daughters of several Pashas on the Bosphorus. He is married, greatly attached to his wife, and has two pretty children; added to this he is a grave, shy young man. Well, Dhudu's trouble for her brother is this: He goes quietly in the morning to give his lesson. Perhaps there are two or three veiled ladies in the room into which he is ushered by the attendants. ‘The lesson begins,’ says Dhudu in a melancholy voice, ‘and they are generally rather stupid. The men who guard them soon grow tired of looking on, and stroll away to their pipes. They are hardly outside the door when down goes the yashmak of one of the ladies. She is very pretty, but very tiresome; my brother is afraid to look at her. What should he do if the Pacha were suddenly to return, or one of the slaves to enter and report this to him! So he turns his head away and tries to induce her to go on with the lesson. Would you believe it,’ says Dhudu, still more indignantly, ‘the other day she took hold of his chin, and turning his face to hers, said laughing, ‘‘Why don't you look at me, you pig!’’ What can my brother do? The Pacha would never believe that it is not his fault. Sometimes one of them will creep under his piano-forte, and putting her finger into his shoe tickle his foot. Yesterday they slipped two peaches into his pocket, tied up in muslin with blue ribbons, clapping their hands and laughing when he found it out. You know what those peaches mean? They ‘‘mean kisses,’’ said Dhudu, coloring, ‘‘and it made my brother so nervous, for the men were in the outer room, and might have heard all about it. He would be sorry to have them punished, yet they make his life miserable. That pretty one is the worst of all, she is so daring. I visit at the harem, and went with my brother one morning. Knowing them so well, I took him in at the garden entrance, the way I always go myself. We heard somebody laugh a loud, merry laugh, and—Oh, what a fright I was in—there she was, up in a peach tree. My brother turned his head away, and walked on very fast; she pelted peaches at him, then got out of the tree, and would have run after him if I had not stopped her.’ And here poor Dhudu fairly cried. ‘‘What can my brother do!’’

#### Rossini's Barbieri.

When the celebrated tenor, Garcia, the father of Madame Malibran and Madame Viardot, came to Paris, and presented to the manager of the Théâtre-Italien the score of *Il Barbieri di Siviglia*, the work of his friend, young Rossini, whose name was beginning to be known on both sides the Alps, he had to overcome a redoubtable opposition, principally on the part of the illustrious Paër, then all-powerful in musical matters, and who, without undervaluing the great talent of the young *maestro* of Bologna, or rather because he perceived too plainly his rising talent, wished to shut the door in his new rival's face. It was this combat of old Paër against young Art which furnished M. Scribe with the well-known subject of his *Concert à la Cour*, and the character of the crafty manager, whose intrigues long obstruct and imperil the success of a *débutante*, destined, of course in the long run, to triumph over the plots of the scheming *maître-de-chapelle*.

Garcia, without being discouraged, disputed the ground, inch by inch, with the obstinate and malicious author of *Agnès*, and with such success, that the latter, beaten back to his last entrenchments, offered to be guided in the matter by the decision and well-proved good taste of Habeneck, who then swayed the dictatorial sceptre of the Opéra.

Habeneck, a great musician, and incapable of jealousy, received the score of *Il Barbieri*. He kept it for a long time, went through it, examined it, and, at length, gave it back to Garcia, stating that, “without doubt, there were some tolerably pretty things in the

work, but that a select public, like that of the Italiens, at Paris, required *operas of greater strength*; that the work in question was all very well as an operetta, manufactured in a hurry for a carnival or an Italian fair" (it is true the *Barbiere* was conceived, written, and played in twenty days), "but that no one could think of introducing productions of such slight texture to a Parisian audience," etc.

Paër triumphed, but Garcia, fortunately for Rossini, would not be beaten. His energetic conviction, his devotion to the *maestro*, and his ardent desire to play before the Parisians the character of Almaviva, which he had created at Rome, and of which he had himself composed the famous serenade, "Io son Lindoro!" triumphed over every obstacle. Taking advantage of the fact that his services were needed as tenor, he would only consent to engage on condition of singing Rossini's *Barbiere* conjointly with Paisiello's. The rest is known. After a little indecision, the public evinced an enthusiastic admiration for the *Barbiere* of Rossini, while that of Paisiello was neglected. The revolution, so clearly perceived and obstinately combatted by Paër, took place in musical art, and Rossini reigned, as he does still.

This anecdote was related, long afterwards, by Habeneck himself, as a striking example of the fallibility and uncertainty of human judgment.

#### Rossini's Summer Residence.

Rossini has just left the Boulevard des Italiens, and the Chausée d'Antin, to take possession of his summer retreat at Beauséjour, a spot connected with some of the most pleasing reminiscences of his life.

The illustrious master resided there at the time when Madame Récamier, the Princess de Lieven, M. Guizot, and a host of other celebrities made it their place of meeting. You might have saluted Châteaubriand and Rossini in the same alley.

The old pavilion, honored by being the birthplace of more than one inspiration of the author of *Guillaume Tell*, has made way for a new building, without sacrificing anything of the green foliage, which sheltered the residence of the illustrious master. There are still the same lilacs in blossom every spring, and, within two or three generations, the same linnets and the same nightingales, which seek a refuge and indulge in a concert there every morning. It is within two paces of this old residence, within the same walls, and at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, that Rossini has come to seek the air of other times, the breeze wafted from Bellevue and from St. Cloud, that is to say, the perfume of the fields, without leaving Paris or his Boulevards, from which he could not tear himself away even exceptionally.

The pavilion of the Princess de Talleyrand, to whom Beauséjour belonged nearly half a century ago, has flung open its doors to him. From its proximity to the Bois de Boulogne, the celebrated composer is enabled, every morning, to take his first walk to Passy and Auteuil, passing, like a schoolboy, near the Artesian well in the plain, that gigantic work whose subterranean wonders interest in the greatest degree his inquiring mind. The slightest pulsations of this incessant boring process are interrogated by him, and his most lively wish is to be one of the first, if not absolutely the first, at the marvellous spectacle of the water gushing and springing forth, torn by the hand of man from the deepest entrails of the earth. It is still the great German borer, M. Kind, who, under the direction and with the assistance of M. Alphonse, the chief engineer of the Bois de Boulogne, is urging forward, night and day, the deliverance of the sheet of water, destined soon to spread its hurrying waves towards Passy, Neuilly, Auteuil, and Boulogne. This gentleman only understands his ultra-Rhenish idiom, the only one, perhaps, not familiar to Rossini. Consequently, the celebrated master obtains from him the short but expressive reply, "*Malheur*" or "*Bonheur*," according to the exciting oscillations of the interminable process of boring, which promises, however, to be brought to a successful termination, like all the great enterprises of the age.

Although, at the first dawn of day, Rossini strides with a firm and light step through the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, he is only the better disposed every evening to take part in the most varied and sparkling conversation. His Parisian friends do not desert him; he has an amiable remark for every one, and something to say on every thing. During the day he willingly sits down to the piano, and extemporizes adorable bagatelles. From time to time, "the noble game of billiards"—as it used to be called—has the privilege of engaging his attention. Such days are festive days to the neighbor who has the honor of receiving him—together with Levasseur, Ponchard, Mesdames Rossini and Fodor—and of sometimes hearing Nauda's songs, of which Rossini is particularly fond. A cue of honor, touched by no hand but the master's, and surmounted by a crown with gold

leaves, while opposite it is the bust which inspired the chisel of Dantan—such is the coat-of-arms of the highly privileged billiard room. The conversation never languishes, and the "Swan of Pesaro" is always the hero, as a matter of course.

Such is the way in which Rossini spends his summer, loved and venerated by every one, loving all around him, and happy at having again found France and his friends of former times, and at having returned to Paris, after which he had sighed for twenty years. —*Moniteur*.

#### A Musical Retrospect.

(From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

Looking over an old volume of the *Inquirer*, for our neighbor has attained to a mature age for a newspaper, and can look back over a career of more than a quarter of a century—our attention has been attracted to the notices of the Italian Opera Company, then performing in Philadelphia. It was in the winter and spring of 1833, more than twenty-five years ago. There had been but few attempts here at Italian opera before this; indeed the Garcia company, that performed here in 1825, and in which poor Malibran was the prima donna, was almost the only one worthy of much consideration. The company of 1833 is remembered still by many veteran opera-goers, and there are not a few who still refer to the days of Pedrotti, Montresor, and Fornasari, as the "palmy days" of Italian music here; just as the days of Jefferson, Wood and Warren are talked of as the "palmy days" of the drama, and those of the Woods as the "palmy days" of English opera. We have faith in the steady progress of Art, and we have no idea that the performances of 1833 were nearly as good as those that we have had in 1857 and 1858. Nor do we believe that the performances of 1858 are nearly as good as we or our successors shall have in 1868 or 1878.

But this has nothing to do with our purpose, which is simply to note the opera season of 1833 as a bit of our musical history. The arrival of the company is announced as having occurred on the twenty-first or January, and with them came "the celebrated poet Da Ponte. This is the worthy old gentleman who was the contemporary and friend of Mozart, and wrote for him the words, now immortal, of *Don Giovanni*. The poor fellow died in poverty in New York, some years ago. The director of the Company was Signor Baglioli, who is, or was quite lately, still teaching singing in New York. The leader of the orchestra was Rapetti. The women of the company were Pedrotti, Salvioni and Marozzi; the men were Montresor, Fornasari, Orlandi, Sapiognoli, Placi and others. The company opened at the Chestnut Street Theatre, on the evening of Jan. 23d., the prices of tickets being one dollar for the boxes and pit and fifty cents for the gallery. The opening opera was Mercadante's *Elisa e Claudio*, which was not a new opera then; for Mercadante, although still living and still composing at Naples, had begun to write in 1818, and *Elisa e Claudio* was first produced in 1821. It was a weak imitation of Rossini, with some very pretty melodies; but it has long since been banished from the stage. During the season, which continued, for four nights in a week, from January 23d till March 19th, the only operas produced were *Elisa e Claudio*, Bellini's *Il Pirata*, and Rossini's *Italiana in Algeri*, *Cenerentola*, *Otello*, and *Mose in Egitto*—the last produced at the Musical Fund Hall as an oratorio. The greatest hit seems to have been made by *Il Pirata*, which was comparatively new then, and was the first bold attempt to depart from the Rossini style, that was then so universally imitated. The principal singers, Pedrotti, Montresor and Fornasari, are the subjects of much eulogium, and doubtless it was all well deserved, for their after fame was great, in Europe as well as in this country. Still the profits of the season were not large, for at its close the editor says of the company.

"Their visit to this city, although not so successful as they anticipated, has not brought the company into debt, while it added to the funds of all the members who took benefits. Had the money received at benefits been deposited in the general fund of the company, there would have been several thousand dollars received beyond expenses. Considering the season, therefore, and the attractions of other theatres, we think they have no reason to complain of a want of liberality on the part of Philadelphia. If they choose to pay their principal singers enormous salaries, and to give them free benefits, always taking care to render the attractions of a benefit night far greater than any other night, they cannot expect to enrich the managers and the "stars" also.

Here we have the complaint, which is still reiterated everywhere even now, of inordinately high salaries for the leading artists. It was damaging to the managers in the little, dingy, old Chestnut street Theatre, which

had only room for some fourteen hundred people. It is equally damaging now in the superb Academy of Music, where there is room for over three thousand people.

The poverty of the repertoire of the company of 1833 must strike every one, especially as novelty and variety are so imperatively demanded at every opera season of the present day. During nearly two months only five operas were played, and of these none possess the dramatic interest that is necessary to make an opera succeed before a modern audience. But the demands for novelty have done much for the art of music since 1833, and the number of successful operas produced since then is surprising. Nearly all of Donizetti's numerous successful operas were written after 1833. *Anna Bolena* was the only one that had made any sensation previously. Bellini had not then written his *Sonnambula*, his *Norma* or his *Puritani*. Meyerbeer had written his *Crociato*, but his great works and the only ones now performed—*Robert*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, and *L'Etoile du Nord*—were all written subsequently. Rossini had written his *William Tell*, which was like the birth of a new genius, totally distinct from that which produced the *Barber*, *Cenerentola*, &c.; but it was monopolized by Paris, and its production in America could not have been dreamed of. Auber, also was too exclusively French to be much thought of then in this country, and the same may be said of Halevy, and the other writers for the Paris stage. The writer of the most popular and successful modern operas—Giuseppe Verdi—was in 1833 only 19 years old and was of course totally unknown to the musical world at large. Reflecting on the immense additions that have been made since then to the stock of operas that please the public, by the few composers we have named, one is surprised to hear that the season of 1833 should even have been as successful as reported. It must be remembered, too, that Philadelphia then had only about 180,000 inhabitants, or less than one in three of the present population. But it must also be remembered that the opera was a much greater novelty then than it is now, and that short seasons, occurring at intervals of several years, might succeed much better than long seasons, such as are undertaken now in Philadelphia and New York.

#### William Horsley.

(From the London Athenæum, June 19.)

The long life of Mr. HORSLEY, one of the patriarchs of English music, and certainly one of the best composers this country has ever produced, closed a few days since. He was in his eighty-fourth year; and for something like three parts of a century had kept a distinguished place among our professors, having only retired from the organ at which he presided a very few years since. It would be too much to expect one trained and occupied as he was to have kept pace with a time which successively flung out varieties and novelties so great and distinct as Beethoven, Signor Rossini, Weber—not to speak of the Liszt and Chopins and Thalbergs, who for awhile pushed aside the smoother and simpler pianoforte music of elder dynasties. But Mr. Horsley's moral worth and uprightness would have always kept him in a place of credit among his brethren; if even he had not deserved well of old and young among them by writing some of the most beautiful part-music in being. His glees in every respect merit this epithet. The words are mostly chosen with a refinement of taste in itself significant; the melody in them has generally a grace and distinctness, and the harmony is always pure, rich, and delicate. It is almost superfluous to name "*By Celia's Arbor*," and "*See the Chariot*." In the stricter forms of composition Mr. Horsley, too, was fortunate and free. His vocal canons are excellent of their kind. It is pleasant to think that competence, respect of friends, and the domestic ministrations of those who without indiscretion may be characterized as a remarkable artist-family, made the latter days of his life easy and cheerful.

(From Moore's Encyclopedia of Music.)

WILLIAM HORSLEY was born in London, in 1774. In his youth he was remarkably unhealthy, and, owing to this circumstance, to family misfortunes, and to other causes, his general education was neglected and he arrived at the age of sixteen before it was finally resolved that he should pursue music for a profession. At that period he was articled for five years to Theodore Smith, who was esteemed to be a good piano-forte player, and who claimed to be the first who introduced duets for that instrument into England. Smith's theoretical knowledge was very limited. He was, besides, passionate and indolent to an extreme degree, and entirely neglected the instruction of his pupil, who was, at all times, most happy to escape from his violence.



However, while with Smith, the subject of our present article made several valuable acquaintances, who had a vast influence on his future pursuits. In particular, he became very intimate with the three brothers, Jacob, Joseph, and Isaac Pring, and from them he first imbibed that love for vocal music which he ever after cherished. Joseph Pring, having obtained the situation of organist in the cathedral at Bangor, removed thither, and his brother Isaac soon afterwards went to Oxford, where he died, after having been organist at the new college for some time. Horsley's great intimacy, therefore, was chiefly confined to Jacob Pring, from whose kindness and friendship he derived advantages which he has never failed to acknowledge. In 1799 he had the misfortune to lose his estimable friend; but previously he had procured an introduction to Dr. Calcott; and the example of these two excellent musicians, and his constant intercourse with them, had determined him more particularly to the practice of glee writing. At this time his ardor for composition was very great and every moment which he could spare from his occupation, as a teacher, was devoted to it. Besides glees, he wrote services in five, six, seven, and eight parts, "Two Anthems," in twelve real parts, and a "Sanctus," for four choirs. He also employed himself much in the construction of canons, and found considerable improvement in the exercise of that difficult species of writing. In 1798 he suggested to his friends, Dr. Calcott and Pring, a plan for the formation of a society, the object of which should be the cultivation of English vocal music. The members met for the first time in that year, and, on the suggestion of Mr. Webbe, took the name of *Concettors Sodales*. The establishment of this society was a great advantage to Horsley. It introduced him to an acquaintance with several eminent professors; and as each member was to preside in turn, and furnish music for the day, it gave a new stimulus to his exertions. About the same period, he was introduced by Dr. Calcott to the committee of the asylum for female orphans, and was accepted by them as assistant organist of the institution. On this occasion, he resigned his situation of organist of Ely Chapel, Holborn, which he had held for some years. He now began to employ himself in vocal compositions with instrumental accompaniments, and set, among other things, "Smollet's Ode to Mirth," "The *Cantata Domino*," and an anthem to words beginning, "When Israel came out of Egypt," with which he took his bachelor's degree in 1800, at Oxford. His time was now much occupied by his pupils; nevertheless, when the vocal concerts were revived, in 1801, he applied himself with fresh diligence to composition, and furnished the managers of those concerts with many new works. This he was particularly induced to do, not only from his love to the art, but from his great intimacy with Harrison and Bartleman; and, till the death of the former, he was the most copious and the most successful among the native contributors to their undertaking. In 1802 Dr. Calcott resigned his situation at the Asylum, and Horsley, having been recommended by the committee to the guardians at large, was chosen to succeed the doctor, without any opposition. He continued to perform the whole duty at the Asylum till 1812; when Belgrave chapel, in Halkin Street, Grosvenor Place, being finished, he accepted the office of organist in it. For many years, a very large portion of his time was occupied in giving instruction; but the remainder he devoted, with unabated assiduity, to the study of his art, and to the practice of composition. His published works consist of the services, odes, and anthems already mentioned; "Three Symphonies for a full Orchestra," which were several times performed at the vocal concerts; several trios for violin and violoncello; and a great collection of single pieces, consisting of glees, canons, songs, duets, &c. Of these have been published: "Three Collections of Glees, Canons, and Madrigals, for three, four, five and six voices"; "Six Glees for two Trebles and a Bass"; "A Collection of forty Canons, of various species." This work the author has inscribed to his friend Clementi, in language which shows his respect and admiration for that great master. He was likewise a great contributor to the "Vocal Harmony," published by Clementi & Co. That splendid work contains fifteen or sixteen glees, which were purposely composed for it by him. To these publications may be added single glees, songs, &c. Horsley occasionally employed himself in writing for the piano-forte, chiefly, however, with a view to the improvement of the younger class of students. His works for that instrument consist of "A Set of Easy Lessons, containing Familiar Airs," "Six Sonatinas for the Use of his Pupils, with the leading fingering carefully marked," "Three Sonatas, composed for the Hon. Miss Ponsonby," "Sonatas, Nos. 1 and 2." These were intended as part of a series, to be published from time to time. He has also printed "An Explanation of

the Major and Minor Scales," accompanied with exercises calculated to improve the hand.

**FREE PLAYGROUND FOR THE PEOPLE.**—Mr. C. P. Melly, a young merchant of Liverpool, and a partner in the house of Melly, Romilly & Co., after having beautified that town with numerous wall fountains, at which thirsty pedestrians may help themselves without let or hindrance, has recently fitted up a piece of land in the suburbs belonging to the corporation, as a free Gymnasium and playground for the people. Its opening was numerously attended. The following sensible address was freely distributed:—"Friends,—This playground is intended for your enjoyment, and is placed under your care. The poles, ropes, ladders and chairs will bear any fair usage. It will be for you to protect them from wilful damage. The trees will adorn your playground if they are allowed to grow up, and you will, I am sure, prevent them from being destroyed. This playground is hereby placed in your hands; let it be used for the purposes for which it is obviously intended. Let good humor and good temper prevail. Let there be no quarrelling among yourselves, and allow no stone-throwing or fighting among your younger members. It rests with you whether the first attempt at free out-door amusement in our town be a success or a failure. Charles P. Melly."

The fancy for providing playgrounds appears to be extending. Mr. Dickens lately presided at the first anniversary festival of the "Playground and General Recreation Society." On this occasion a hundred persons sat down to an excellent dinner.

The object of the society is to seek out and provide available open spots for playgrounds in populous places in which the children of the poorer classes may disport themselves in healthful games, instead of playing at hide-and-seek in dens and alleys. The present movement originated some months ago with the Rev. Dr. Laing, to whom all honor is due.

In proposing the toast of the evening, "Success to the Playground and General Recreation Society," the Chairman drew a racy picture of his encounters with the children playing in the streets on his way from his house to the London Tavern. He next descanted upon the desirability of providing suitable places of recreation for the children in question, and wound up by saying that, though it was impossible to provide at present for all the wants of the metropolis in this respect, yet that, with respect to two parishes, two benevolent ladies had come forward and pledged themselves to subscribe £100 each, provided the remaining necessary funds could be obtained from other sources. It was in fact therefore, with a view to a trial of the experiment of these two parishes that he appeared before them that evening, and he hoped to see the experiment fairly tried before long. The health of the chairman, and of the ladies, were the two concluding toasts. The last toast was proposed by the chairman, who vowed and declared he would not preside at another dinner unless the ladies also dined, an announcement which was received with enthusiastic cheers.

The list of subscriptions during the evening amounted to £578 6s.

**YANKEE DOODLE.**—We find the following in the National Intelligencer:

"The following letter has been received by a gentleman of this city from our accomplished secretary of legation at Madrid:

Madrid, June 3, 1858.

My Dear Sir,—The tune Yankee Doodle, from the first of my showing it here, has been acknowledged by persons acquainted with music to bear a strong resemblance to the popular airs of Biscay; and yesterday a professor from the north recognized it as being much like the ancient sword dance played on solemn occasions by the people of San Sebastian. He says the tune varies in those provinces, and proposes in a couple of months to give me the changes as they are to be found in their different towns, that the matter may be judged of and fairly understood. Our national air certainly has its origin in the music of the free Pyrenees; the first strains are identically those of the heroic *Danza Esparta*, as it was played to me, of brave old Biscay.

Very truly yours, BUCKINGHAM SMITH."

Kossuth informed us that the Hungarians with him in this country first heard Yankee Doodle on the Mississippi river, when they immediately recognized it as one of the old national airs of their native land,—one played in the dances of that country,—and they began immediately to caper and dance as they used to in Hungary. It is curious that the same air should be found in old Biscay.—*Post*.

## Musical Correspondence.

**NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1858.**—The Musard concerts have suddenly ceased. After a week's trial it was found impossible to draw paying audiences to the Academy of Music, at this time of the year, and the enterprise has been abandoned. The Academy will now remain closed until September, when Maretzek promises a short operatic season, with Gazzaniga, Brignoli, Amodio, and Miss Philipps. Madame and Monsieur Gassier are also engaged. The lady I had the pleasure of hearing a few months ago at Rome, where she is a great favorite. Madame Gassier is a lady of considerable personal beauty, looks like an Italian, with her dark eyes and hair, is perfectly familiar with the stage, sings with sweetness and flexibility, and altogether holds a very fair rank among European prima donnas. She is favorably known to the English as well as the Roman public, and if she comes to America will undoubtedly be successful, though I do not think she will create a furore or rival La Grange or Gazzaniga in the affections of our opera-going public. For light and comic roles, she will be a pleasing relief to our heavy tragedy queen, Gazzaniga. After a short season, Maretzek with his company will depart for Cuba, while his place at the opera house will be filled by the Ullman troupe. Who will be the members of this forthcoming company has not yet transpired, but I learn it is the intention of the manager to leave the beaten track of Italian operas and produce German and French works comparatively unknown here. The *Huguenots* will be revived, with Meyerbeer's other operas, and Halévy's *La Juive* is also mentioned. At Niblo's we shall have this fall, a French company for the production of light operas and vaudevilles.

Maretzek and Anschutz are getting up a curious musical open air Festival for the inauguration of the Jones' Wood Park, to take place on the 2d, 3d, and 4th of August. Two hundred performers will take part, and there will be balls, and fireworks, and balloon ascension, and Turners, and magnificent prizes (!), and Sing-Vereins, and probably Lager Beer. The admission will be 25 cents, which will include everything except the Lager.

Our Philharmonic Society holds a rehearsal Saturday evening to test the acoustic qualities of the new Music Hall under the Cooper Institute. Should the result of the experiment be satisfactory, the room will probably be engaged for the regular rehearsals of the Society.

Brignoli and Amodio are at Saratoga, concertizing in the train of Miss Fay, one of the innumerable host of "American prima donnas." By the way, talking about American singers, I may as well mention that Mrs. Cora Wilhorst has been engaged to sing in opera this fall at the Academy. It is said that the reports of her not being able to obtain an engagement in Europe were false—that she was offered engagements both at the opera at Paris and elsewhere. Certain it is, that I have heard worse singers than she occupying prominent position in the lyric world on the other side of the water. TROVATOR.

**PHILADELPHIA, JULY 20, 1858.**—Not many miles from the city of Philadelphia, ensconced amid the noble hills which surround the valley through which meanders the placid Lehigh, is found the time-honored town of Bethlehem, the mother-congregation of that zealous and devoted band of Christ's followers, ye!pt, the *Moravians*. Romantic to a fascinating degree in location, rich beyond measure in historical and aboriginal associations, endowed with most excellent schools, embracing within its limits a population of superior intelligence, Bethlehem has lured hundreds of summer tourists from the gay dissipation of Saratoga, Cape May, and other kindred resorts, and has, in point of fact, especially since the completion of

the North Pennsylvania Railroad, constituted itself the favorite watering place of the pent-up denizens of the Quaker City. The peculiarities of the Moravian Church, its early origin in Bohemia, its fearful struggles against the persecutions which reigned rampant in the middle ages, its final overthrow and subsequent renewal, its untiringly faithful and self-sacrificing efforts in the mission cause in all parts of the globe, — these are doubtless familiar to all such of your worthy readers, as chance to take even a superficial interest in general church history, and it is not my design to touch upon these prominent features of Moravianism. My object is rather to point attention to the musical culture of this body of Christians, who foster the "divine Art" with all the inherent enthusiasm and assiduity peculiar to the Germans and their descendants. Sacred and secular music seem to be cultivated with equal zeal by them, and all of the light, flippant, modernized style of composition is scornfully spurned from both departments.

Every Moravian church lays a peremptory stress upon congregational singing, and the children are trained with a view to this from the earliest infancy. They are, if I may use the expression, inoculated with the rich harmonies and graceful movements of the church chorals, and these settle firmly into their systems. Apart from all this, however, there is attached to each church a regular choir, trained to the execution of difficult sacred music, and brought into active requisition upon festival days and solemn occasions. This body of vocalists usually finds its accompaniment in a fine orchestra, which, in connection with the village organ, very materially heightens the general effect, rendering this more imposing and swelling in anthems of glorification, and *per contra*, more impressively solemn in the requiem over the departed or in the holy ceremonies of the Passion Week. The choir and orchestra of Bethlehem have been very celebrated for well nigh a century past. Years ago, when, in the gradual growth of Philadelphia, amid the slow development of its internal resources, music first assumed a living shape in the formation of the Musical Fund Society, and when this now powerful corporation was in its pining infancy, it was very customary, upon concert occasions, to borrow from Bethlehem the material wherewith to fill up its orchestra to suitable dimensions. The village musicians, enthusiastically devoted to the "divine Art," practically, theoretically, and aesthetically, were never tardy to respond to such invitations; and although Philadelphia in those days of rickety mail stages, seemed almost immeasurably far off, and access thereto proved really laborious, the names of such staunch musicians as the brothers Weiss, the Crists, the Beckels, the Rauchs, and others, almost invariably graced the poster-announcements of concerts in the city.

But I am digressing from my remarks upon the sacred music of the Moravians; I shall enlarge upon their cultivation of the secular department in another letter.

The repertoire of every Moravian congregation comprises within its limits the works of the greatest masters, from Mozart to Spohr, besides numerous contributions of great merit from the pens of church-members, who, with less of retiring humility and more of worldliness, might have carved out for themselves prominent niches in the temple of Fame. — There are now in constant use and practice among this small body of Christians, anthems, motettos, &c., from the works of their own brethren (such as Becker of former times, — Bishop Wolle and Rev. Francis Hagen of the present day,) which exhibit unmistakably that deep-searching, mathematically constructed *cultus*, that intellectual, ideal, æsthetical conception of music, which causes the rigorous German school of composition to be regarded as the broad foundation upon which the entire Temple of the Muses stands firm.

The rehearsals of Moravian choirs are very faith-

fully and judiciously held at stated times throughout the entire year; in fact, so punctually did the individual members attend them at the time when your humble correspondent was a viola performer amongst them, several years since, that neither a drifting snow-storm, nor a driving rain deterred the hardy, buxom damsel, from donning a pair of boots, if the occasion demanded this, and hastening to the old church to mingle their voices in preparation for some coming festive Sabbath.

Another feature of the sacred music department, among the Moravians, is the *trombone choir*, which announces from the steeple of the village church to the quiet inhabitants beneath, the deaths of individual members, as these chance to occur; and which usually precedes, with solemn chorals, the funeral cortege, as it winds its noiseless way towards the lovely, peaceful graveyard, not many paces from the church. This so-called *trombone choir* also performs upon other occasions, but its services are chiefly brought into requisition as above mentioned; in fact, when a death occurs, and the rich harmonies of the quartet float over the undisturbed village in announcement of the melancholy fact, the mechanic lays aside for the moment his implements, and feels as though distant strains from another world were approaching him. By a systematic arrangement, he is furthermore enabled to distinguish accurately the sex and progress in life of the deceased, by the particular hymn-tune which comes to his ears. However, I greatly suspect myself to have wearied your patience with this subject, by spinning my story unduly. In my next letter, I propose to afford to your readers some idea of the secular music of Bethlehem, as cultivated by its Philharmonic Society, its excellent Brass Band, and in its individual private families. MANRICO.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 24, 1858.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Conclusion of the "Chorus of Peasants" from Bellini's *Somnambula*. The plates are borrowed from Messrs. Ditson & Co's beautiful and cheap vocal and piano score of this ever fresh and popular opera.

The musical gossip, of which we translate this week a third specimen from that brilliant and satirical dog, HENRI HEINE, is gleaned from his various series of letters from Paris, which treat of all the topics of their day, political, philosophical, artistic, literary, &c. It is gossip merely; yet it contains not a few just and sharp perceptions in the sphere of music and musicians. We give them rather as amusing, characteristic observations of one of the most original and piquant writers of our century, than as musical criticisms of much real value. Heine certainly is no musical authority; but Heine's whims and fancies and quaint, saucy comments on the musical world, so far as he could know it there in Paris, — though to be taken always *cum grano* — may furnish a few hours of pleasant and not entirely worthless summer reading.

We trust none of our readers, who are interested on either side of the vexed question of German or Italian music, or who have felt bored and sick with the unprofitable vagueness of the controversy, will fail to read the very candid and judicious statement of the excellencies and the faults of "German Music," which we copy on another page. We think it contains the essence of the matter in a nutshell. Such analysis leads to something like definiteness of ideas, as to

wherein the real difference lies between German music in its best sense and the current Italian music, which of course means simply Italian Opera, of a fashion so exclusively modern as scarcely to include Rossini. At the same time it shows how much poor German music there is, growing out of zeal beyond discretion (and beyond inborn talent) for German ideals; and how much of still poorer music, which is only German because manufactured by Germans, but in feeble imitation of feeble Italian models. But this reminds us of a piece of news we have just found in a foreign paper, which we hope is not too good to be true. Here is the paragraph, which we may make a text for more remark hereafter:

ROSSINI'S OPERAS. — According to the Italian papers, the people throughout the entire peninsula are returning to their ancient love for Rossini's music. At Rome, the *Siege of Corinth* is now the operatic rage; whilst at Florence and Genoa, *Guillaume Tell* and *Motse* are being performed with the utmost enthusiasm. A few vocalists of the old school alone are wanted to make Rossini's operas as popular as ever. Verdi's music not only wears out the singers, but the hearers, while the music of the Swan of Pesaro, like port wine, is rendered more palatable by age. One bottle of old Rossini is worth a pipe of Verdi.

The newspapers all round are complimentary to our "Diarist" and notice his departure on his third visit to Germany, to complete his *Life of Beethoven*, with cordial interest. This is from the *Courier*:

MR. ALEXANDER W. THAYER, a gentleman of most cultivated musical taste and large knowledge of musical history, sailed last Wednesday from New York for Germany, with the intention of there devoting a year to the completion of his *Life of Beethoven* and Weber. The *Life of Beethoven* has long been a cherished object of Mr. Thayer's ambition, and for many years the greater part of his studies has been directed to that end. Mr. Thayer's course has not been a path of roses. He has had to encounter obstacles that would long ago have discouraged any man of less enthusiasm and determination. But we believe that this time he leaves our shores happy in the hope of concluding his long labor of love. His work, when finished, will be the most valuable record of events of the life and time of the great master that has ever been produced in any language, and will absolutely leave no room for improvement in the matters of completeness and detail. What literary attractions it may possess cannot of course be determined in advance, but we do not doubt that it will earnestly appeal to every lover of the divine art. We hope Mr. Thayer may be as successful in his final researches as he deserves to be, and that uninterrupted good health — which has not always been his portion — may enable him to prosecute his labors without discouragement or pain. We bid him an affectionate God-speed. Mr. Thayer, we may observe, is very well known by his writings in Boston, as the "Diarist" of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, and somewhat also by his "Letters from a Quiet Man," published in this paper.

Here is another from the *Worcester Palladium*, which does justice to our friend's story-telling faculty, under his other name as "Mr. Brown":

A GOOD STORY. — We would call attention to the story on our first page, copied from *Dwight's Journal of Music*. It is a model for the story-writers of the day; one of its merits being the perfect concealment of the art used in its composition. It is a popular error to believe that nothing is easier than to write a story as this is written. On the contrary nothing is more difficult; involving more concentration of thought, more study of the power of language. It is from the pen of A. W. Thayer, Esq., the well-known "Diarist" of *Dwight's Journal*, who has recently sailed for Europe, to complete in Berlin and Vienna, his *Life of Beethoven*.

Florow's *Martha* has been successfully performed in the Russian language, at St. Petersburg. . . . SROHR has accepted an invitation to be present at the Jubilee of the Prague Conservatory; he has been asked to conduct the performance of his own opera, *Jessonda*. . . .



LISZT's plan for establishing a musical conservatory on a grand scale in Vienna, it is said, will be carried out, under the patronage of a very high personage, and only waits the new arrangements for re-building a portion of the city. . . . The three hundred and first representation of *Der Freyschütz*, which was to have taken place in Berlin on the 18th of June, (the anniversary of its first performance), in aid of the fund for a monument to WEBER, was postponed, on account of the great heat, until the autumn.

The London *Musical World* does not at all agree with the *Athenæum* (copied on page 132), in the opinion that the late Mr. HORSLEY was "one of the best composers England has produced," and thinks he was decidedly an *old fogey*, who never could learn to admire anything after Haydn and Mozart and the earlier works of Beethoven. . . . FRANZ ABT, the popular German song composer, has arrived in London. . . . Mme. SZARVADY (Wilhelmina Clauss) left London for Paris the last week in June.

A German Singers' Festival was held in Davenport, Iowa, on the last three days of June. Herr ROHR, of Philadelphia, a chance visitor, conducted, in the unexpected absence of Herr BALATKA, of Milwaukee. A small orchestra, of twenty, played the overtures to *Oberon* and the *Huguenots*; the various *Männerchöre* sang part-songs, Mozart's *O Isis und Osiris*, &c., with fine effect; one of Beethoven's early Trios for piano, violin and 'cello was played; and various solos, German and Italian, such as *Adelaide*, *Ah non credea*, *Casta Dica*, &c., were sung with much acceptance.

FERDINAND HILLER's new oratorio, *Saul*, is spoken of both by friends and enemies as Wagnerish and Lisztian! . . . RICHARD WAGNER's operas, which since 1849 have been tabooed in Dresden, have recently received permission to be performed again. *Tannhäuser* will lead off, and will derive new interest from the appearance of JOHANNA WAGNER, the composer's niece, in the part of Elizabeth. . . . The HANDEL monument at Halle is approaching its completion; the plaster model, by Professor Heide, of Berlin, is already finished. The statue of the composer, eight feet high, will, it is said, be an ornament to German Sculpture, with such beautiful simplicity, such truth and boldness is it executed; it will be placed on a granite pedestal of five feet in height. The desk, on which Handel leans, has carved upon its feet the figures of Orpheus and David; and the leaf, which bears the score of the "Messiah," shows on the outside St. Cecilia, in which the portrait of Jenny Lind is recognized.

### Musical Review.

*Juvenile Sonata*, for Piano. By HENRY SCHWING (Oliver Ditson & Co.); pp. 7.

We are glad to see any disposition among piano teachers to familiarize their pupils with the Sonata form,—the most pregnant, most complete and interesting of all the forms of instrumental music, and the form in which more fine musical inspirations have embodied themselves than in any other. Of course form and spirit ought to go together; exercises should not be dry and empty; there should be the soul, the charm of real music in them; and therefore it were well, as soon as practicable, to have the young pianist study the easier Sonatas of the great masters that have poetry and beauty in them. But there is also need of very simple, easy pieces in Sonata form by way of preparation. We have seen a couple by Schumann, which are interesting, perhaps not much too difficult, but hardly child-like in their spirit. Here is one, expressly juvenile, which promises to be quite useful. The first movement, *Allegro moderato*, develops a cheerful little theme and counter-theme in right Sonata fashion, and will not interest a child the less for its strict unity of idea and treatment. The other movements are a pretty enough little Scherzo and Trio, and a finale in the usual Rondo form. The omission of a slow movement, by way of contrast and completeness, seems one that ought to be supplied.

From the same publishers we have a variety of pieces arranged for practice of four, six, eight hands

upon one and two pianos. For the formation of habits of greater unity and precision teachers sometimes like to combine and concentrate their pupils in this way; and for their own satisfaction two or three amateurs like sometimes to try the effect of parts of operas, overtures, &c., transcribed with such full harmony for the piano. We mention here:

1. *The Three Amateurs*, a collection of *Six Trios* for three performers on one Piano-Forte. Arranged by CARL CZERNY, op. 741. The one before us is a Fantasia of twenty-seven pages on airs from Mozart's operas, including "Batti, batti," "Non più andrai," airs from the "Magic Flute," *Così fan tutte*, &c. We have not heard them tried, but Czerny's name is good for all arrangements.

2. *Grand Duet for two Pianos*, (four hands). No. 3. *Coronation Duet* ("God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia.") By HERZ and LEBARRE. pp. 11. Wrought up in brilliant concert style, with variations.

3. *Overture to Zampa*, for eight hands (four performers) on two Pianos. Arranged by LATTENBERG.

4. Of a much easier and simpler sort are a collection of four-hand arrangements of things good, bad, and indifferent, but all popular, styled the "Constellation." No. 18 is ABT's song: "When the swallows homeward fly," arranged as a pianoforte duet by MUELLER.

## Music Abroad.

### London.

The three Opera Houses go on with the usual style of entertainment. At Her Majesty's it has been *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Travatore*, *Luisa Miller*, &c., with (by way of variety for a morning performance) Paesello's operetta, *La Serva Padrona*, so good an impression did it make at Benedict's concert. Mlle. Titiens continues to be the star.

At the Royal Italian they have had *Fra Diavolo*, *Traviata*, *Martha*, the *Huguenots*, and finally *Otello*, in which Tamberlik appeared in his great part of the Moor. Grisi was Desdemona, and Ronconi Iago.

At Drury Lane, *I Puritani*, *Il Barbiere*, and *La Sonnambula* have been performed. Mme. Persiani, Viardot Garcia, and Sig. Badiali are the attractions.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The sixth and last concert had the following programme:

Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits," Weber.  
Aria, "Parto," Miss Louisa Pyne, clarinet obligato, Mr. Williams (La Clemenza di Tito); Mozart.  
Concerto, violin (No. 8, scena cantante), Herr Joachim; Spohr.  
Duetto, Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne, "Come, be gay" (Der Freischütz); Weber.  
Overture, "Leonora," Beethoven.

Sinfonia in B flat (No. 4); Beethoven.  
Prière et Barcarole, Miss Louisa Pyne (L'Etoile du Nord); Meyerbeer.  
Concerto, violin, Herr Joachim; Mendelssohn.  
Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner.  
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. The programme of the fifth and last concert, June 14th, was as follows:

Overture (Medea); Cherubini.  
Concerto, No. 6, piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Dussek.  
Sonata, No. 5, violin, Herr Joachim; Bach.  
Symphony Eroica; Beethoven.

Overture (Oberon); Weber.  
Duet, "Schönes Mädchen," Madame Rudersdorff and Herr Reichardt; Spohr.  
Romance in F, violin, Herr Joachim; Beethoven.  
Overture (Ruy Blas); Beethoven.  
Conductor, Dr. Wyld.

CHARLES HALLÉ. After helping, by his classical playing, to make the fortune of the Musical Union, M. Hallé has seceded from that institution and set up for himself. The concerts he is now giving at Willis's Rooms are of first-class interest, and attract brilliant and fashionable audiences. The programme of the first (Thursday afternoon, June 17) was as follows:

Trio in E major; Haydn.  
Solo, violin, Praeludio, Loure and Gavotte in E major; S. Bach.  
Grand Sonata, piano-forte and violin, in A minor, op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer; Beethoven.  
Stücke im Volkstone, piano-forte and violoncello, op. 102, No. 1, "Mit Humor," in A minor; No. 2, "Langsam," in F; No. 4, "Nicht zu rasch," in D; Schumann.  
Solo, piano-forte, Nocturne in F sharp, op. 15, "Berceuse," op. 67; Chopin.  
Grand Trio in E flat, op. 70, No. 2; Beethoven.  
Executants—Piano-forte, M. Charles Hallé; violin, Herr Joachim; violoncello, Signor Platti.

That of the second (Thursday evening, June 24) was as follows:

Quartet, two violins, viola, violoncello, in F minor, op. 80 (Posth.); Mendelssohn.  
Sonata, piano-forte and violoncello, in D, op. 102, No. 2; Beethoven.  
Rondeau Brillant, piano-forte and violin, in B. minor, op. 70; F. Schubert.  
Solo, piano-forte, "Promenades d'un solitaire," Nos. 1 and 4; Valse in C sharp minor and D flat; Heller and Chopin.  
Grand Trio, piano, violin, and violoncello, in D, op. 70, No. 1; Beethoven.  
Executants—Piano-forte, M. Charles Hallé; violins, Herr Joachim and Herr Pollitzer; viola, Mr. Webb; violoncello, Signor Platti.

At the third and last (July 8) the programme will include Mozart's Concerto in E flat, for two pianofortes, performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Charles Hallé, with orchestral accompaniments.

CRYSTAL PALACE. The great musical event of the season was fixed for the 2nd instant, to consist of a grand demonstration by the Great Handel Festival Choir, with orchestral and military bands, all numbering 2500. The 1400 London amateurs have been kept in constant practice and were to be reinforced by deputations from the provinces and from the continent. Costa was to conduct, Clara Novello and Sims Reeves to sing, and Mr. Brown-smith to preside at the great Handel Festival Organ. Here is the programme:

Chorus, The Hundredth Psalm.  
Chant, "Venite, exultemus Domino;" Tallis.  
Trio, "Lift Thine eyes" (Elijah); Mendelssohn.  
Chorus, "He, watching over Israel" (Elijah); Mendelssohn.  
Chorus, "When His loud voice" (Jephtha); Handel.  
Chorus, "The Lord is good" (Eli); Costa.  
Quartet and Chorus, "Holy, holy, holy" (Elijah); Mendelssohn.  
Motet, "Ave verum corpus;" Mozart.  
Song and Chorus, "Philistines, hark!" (Eli); Costa.

Chorus, "Oh, the Pleasure of the Plains" (Acis and Galatea) Handel.  
Part-song, "Farewell to the Forest;" Mendelssohn.  
Chorus, "To thee, O Lord of all," (Prayer—Mosé in Egitto); Rossini.  
Trio and Chorus, "See the Conquering Hero comes," (Judas Maccabeus); Handel.  
Solo and Chorus, "Calm is the glassy ocean," (Idomeneo); Mozart.  
Chorus, "Hear, Holy Power," (Prayer—Masaniello); Auber.  
Song and Chorus, "God save the Queen."

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD. On Saturday afternoon Miss Arabella Goddard gave one of her most interesting performances of classical piano-forte music, and achieved perhaps her greatest success before the public. The following was the programme:

Quartet in E flat, for piano-forte, violin, viola and violoncello, op. 53—Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Joseph Joachim, Herr Goffrie, and Signor Platti; Dussek.  
Grand Sonata in A minor, op. 42, first time in public—piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Franz Schubert.  
Variations on an Original Air, for tenor and piano-forte—Herr Joseph Joachim and Miss Arabella Goddard; J. Joachim.

Suite de Pièces, in F ("Suites Anglaises," No. 4)—piano-forte, Miss Arabella Goddard; J. S. Bach.  
Grand Sonata in A minor, for piano-forte and violin, op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer; Miss Arabella Goddard and Herr Joseph Joachim; Beethoven.

### Germany.

SCHWERIN. The only novelty here has been Flotow's operetta, *Pianella*. There has been great operative activity during the past season, especially in the production of German works. Mozart's *Figaro* and *Belmont and Constanza* have each been given twice. Also *Oberon* twice; *Freyschütz*; *Fidelio* twice; *Robert de Diabie* and the *Huguenots*; Mendelssohn's *Loreley* fragment; Marschner's *Hans Heiling*; Flotow's *Martha* twice, *Andreas Mylius* twice, *Pianella* three times, and *Stradella*; Kreutzer's *Nachtlinger* in *Granada* twice; Wagner's *Tannhäuser* twice; and Schenk's *Dorfbarbiere*. Of French and Italian compositions we have had Mehul's *Joseph in Egypt* twice; Auber's *Maurer und Schlosser*; Herold's *Zampa*; Halevy's *Juive* twice; Rossini's *Barbiere*, *Tell* twice, *Otello*; Bellini's *Sonnambula*, and Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. In all 38 performances of 22 large works.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE. The Whitsuntide committee has just presented Dr. Franz Liszt with a silver medallion portrait of himself, as a memento of his direction of last year's Whitsuntide concert. The artist, to whose chisel we owe the portrait, is Mohr, the sculptor, in Cologne, who has really produced a master-piece, as far as regards characteristic resemblance, speaking expression, and delicacy of modelling.

STUTTGART. Mozart's only buffo opera, *Così fan tutte*, was revived here in the middle of May, after a pause of thirty years. A new and excellent libretto had been prepared in place of the licentious nonsense of the old one. The principal singers were Mme. Leisinger, Fr. Mayerhöfer, Fr. Marschalk, Herren Pischek, Jäger and Schütty. The whole performance is said to have been worthy of Mozart.

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE. — May 20th. — Yesterday, the Cäcilien-Verein brought its regular meetings for practice to a close, with a little extempore concert for its passive members and subscribers, in a highly satisfactory manner. The works selected were, partly, such as had not been sung for several years, and were perfectly new to no inconsiderable portion of the younger members. In spite of this, the execution of them was very creditable and pleasing. Only a few of the more difficult choruses were repeated, for the sake of greater finish. We had the choruses of Mozart's *Requiem*, at least as many as are undoubtedly his, a grand "Crucifixus" for eight voices, by Lotti, Mendelssohn's wonderfully fervent "Ave Maria," Hauptmann's *Cäcilien-Cantate*, so rich in harmony, and Mendelssohn's fresh and dramatically effective first *Walpurgisnacht*. Such evenings, when smaller works, which have not been given for a considerable time, are sung at sight, are leaving out of consideration the gratification they afford the singers and their audience, of the greatest use, especially to the singers, since the latter are exercised in singing at sight, and made acquainted with the rich stores of classical music possessed by the Verein. Unfortunately, they can seldom occur, on account of the rehearsals and practice requisite for the grand public concerts. The Cäcilien-Verein gave in all four concerts with a full band for the first time this winter. The pecuniary sacrifice involved was by no means inconsiderable, and it is reported that, in the opinion of the members, the experiment will scarcely become a permanent fact, principally owing to the want of accommodation. A cheering prospect of an interest being taken in such concerts by the general public is afforded by the hope of the society's building a concert-room of its own. The Mozartstiftung, set on foot here by the Liederkrantz, at the vocal festival of 1838, has taken the initiative. It has come forward with its funds, amounting to 38,000 florins, and founded a new society, called the Mozart-Verein. The sale of the shares has begun during the last few days, and been so brisk, that we can no longer entertain any doubt as to the realization of the plan. A very large plot of ground, conveniently situated opposite the old Bürger-Verein, has been obtained, and there is every chance of the new edifice being one worthy of our city, and fully adapted for its purpose. At the first public concert the *High Mass* of J. S. Bach, which has already been noticed in these columns, was performed. This was followed, on the 20th January, by Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, Mozart's "Ave verum," and Cherubini's *Requiem*, for mixed voices. The selection was extremely good. The psalm, though not one of the composer's greatest works, contains some magnificent choruses; the "Ave verum," with its heavenly clearness, and the grand *Requiem*, with its moving magnificence and loftiness, are too well known for us to say a single word about them in a paper destined for persons acquainted with serious music. The performance was, in every respect, admirable. While, in Mozart's prayer, the choras of 175 male and female voices, swelled in flowing gentleness and died away in the softest strains, it rose, especially in the introduction to the "Dies Irae" to overpowering grandeur. Many persons were inclined to blame the employment of the gong in the latter piece, but if the employment of this instrument can be justified anywhere, it is certainly in this instance, where it is used once only, at the announcement of the Last Judgment.

On the 2nd April (Good Friday) followed, as on the preceding year, a performance of J. S. Bach's grand "Passion-Musik," according to St. Matthew, in the German Reformed Church. The organ again supported the chorales and grand choruses. The recitatives, on the other hand, were accompanied by the piano, gaining considerably and manifestly in quiet effect thereby. The solos were very well cast; Herr Carl Schneider sang the part of the Evangelist entirely according to the original version with a degree of perfection we never heard before. The chorus of nearly two hundred persons was supported in the *Cantus firmus* of the opening, and, also, in the grand chorales, by one hundred and fifty pupils, male and female, of the Musterschule. This produced an unparalleled effect in a building so well adapted for the purpose as the church is. We can joyfully assert that, owing to this combination, the performance of the *Passion* was one of the greatest musical treats we ever had, and a real consecration of the religious festival for very many persons.

The last concert, on the 14th May, introduced to us Handel's *Jephtha*, for the first time with a full band. This last oratorio of the above-master, which is sung scarcely anywhere in Germany, was incorporated by Messer, as early as 1841, in the repertory of the Cäcilien-Verein, but executed only once since, in 1844, and on both occasions with a pianoforte accompaniment. We have already severely criticized, in these columns, Von Mosel's orchestration, which, it can-

not be denied, is not totally in keeping with the spirit of Handel's music. Nor can the violence with which choruses from *Deborah* are introduced in it, and material portions of the work itself omitted, be at all justified. But Herr Messer, who is thoroughly acquainted with Handel, has changed and simplified a great deal of the instrumentation. He has, also, restored, with instrumentation of his own, Jephtha's aria in G major, in the third part, "Schwebt, ihr Engel," as being one of the finest pieces, and quite indispensable for the connection of the whole. This piece sung in a masterly manner by Herr Carl Schneider, produced a profound impression. Both on account of its admirable and highly-poetical subject, which, by its strong contrasts, was excellently adapted for the composer, as well as on account of the freshness and great animation of the composition, expressing the most varied feelings, from the softest and gentlest to the most elevated, in the wonderful recitatives and mighty choruses, we place *Jephtha* side by side with *Judas Maccabäus*, *Samson*, and *Israel in Egypt*. The chorus in the second part, "Verhüllt, O Herr!" with its four motives, is, perhaps, one of the greatest choruses Handel ever wrote. Besides Herr C. Schneider, and Mad. Nissen-Saloman, who, with highly laudable readiness, undertook, on the day of the concert itself, the part of Ipsis, with which she was totally unacquainted, in the place of Fräulein Veith, suddenly taken ill, the members of the Association sang the other parts exceedingly well; and this performance, also, despite the oppressive heat of the densely crowded room, was perfectly successful. The Cäcilien-Verein now possesses in its repertory all the oratorios of Handel known in Germany, except *Balsazar* and *Deborah*. We trust the Handel-Gesellschaft will shortly enable the Association to study his other oratorios. The summer vacation will now commence; after that, Bach's *Weihnachts-Oratorium* will be put in rehearsal. It will be performed at Christmas, and will, no doubt, take as firm root among us as the *Matthäus-Passion*. — *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

PRAGUE.—Programme of the 50th anniversary of the Prague Conservatory, to be held from the 7th to the 10th July, 1858. On the 7th July, at ten o'clock, A. M., a solemn high mass and *Te Deum*, in the St. Jacobskirche, in the Altstadt. At six o'clock, P. M., a grand concert of the Conservatory in the Ständisches Theater. The concerted pieces will be performed exclusively by pupils now in the institution, and the solos by artists educated there. On the 8th July, at seven, P. M., a grand performance in the Ständisches Theater. On the 9th July, at seven, P. M., a grand concert of sacred music, in the Ständisches Theater. A. The 100th Psalm, by Handel; B. The Ninth Symphony, with chorus, by L. van Beethoven, executed by the pupils of the Conservatory, the members of the Cäcilien-Verein, and of the orchestra of the Ständisches Theater, assisted by several artists and amateurs, as well as by such visitors as may choose to take part in the proceedings. On the 10th July, a grand dinner, given by the Association for the Advancement of Music, to the visitors and persons engaged in the Festival, namely — A. Persons specially invited, Conservatories of Music, and former pupils at the Conservatory at Prague. B. All working-members of the Association for the Advancement of Music in Bohemia. C. The professors and teachers of the Prague Conservatory. D. All musical amateurs who may signify their wish to be present, and pay ten florins currency for their tickets.

VIENNA.—Herr Eckert, who has returned from Paris, has engaged Mdle. Brand, from Brunswick, for play-operas, and Mdle. Praise, who achieved her first success, years ago, at the Imperial Opera, as *bravura* singer. As we hear, Mdle. Titiens will leave the Imperial Opera, having accepted a brilliant engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. Signor Giuglini, Imperial Austrian chamber-singer, is again engaged as first tenor at the Imperial Opera, for the season of 1861. He will previously proceed to America, where he is engaged for seven months, at the rate of 16,000 florins a month. Mad. Charton-Demeure the graceful representative of Susanne, has been appointed chamber-singer by his Majesty the Emperor. The Italian operatic company has, at present, no less than six *Cantante e Cantanti di Camera di S.M.I.R.A.*, namely, Mesdames Medori, Brambilla, Charton-Demeure, MM. Bettini, Carion, and Debassini. The well-known Mecenas of Art, Count Dietrichsen, has made Mad. Demeure a valuable present, consisting of two rare autograph MSS. by Mozart, an aria of a serious kind, and an arietta to — an aching tooth.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

#### Vocal, with Piano.

- Highland blossom. Song. W. V. Wallace. 50  
This is a beautiful song in that refined imitation of the Scotch style, for which the Composer is famous. The Titlepage has a charming vignette in colors.
- Norah, darling, don't believe them! Ballad. Balfe. 25  
A simple, very touching appeal of a lover. Balfe's prolific pen sometimes runs in a highly popular vein, as in this instance.
- Little Norah. Ballad. E. T. Baldwin. 25  
A plaintive, simple little Song.
- My home o'er the deep blue sea. Song and Ch. Della Dean. 25  
Pretty, with a chorus of fine effect, written in sixteenth time, the genuine time for all Water-Songs. Recommended to social gatherings of musical people, either in the parlor or on board of a pleasure-boat, homeward bound.
- Give, give us light. Cho. in "The Buccaneer." Stratton. 25  
May be tried with success by Singing Societies. Will remain effective when sung by a well-balanced Quartet.
- Morning wandering. Duet for two equal voices. Gumbert. 25  
This is the second of a series of eight little Duets, which are written and composed expressly for the young folks. Modern German composers have written very felicitously for children. There is nothing commonplace in these melodies. Each song has an individual charm of its own, which will be readily understood and appreciated by musical people.
- The May Queen. Chorus for 3 female voices. Concone. 30  
Concone, a teacher of singing in Paris, who has made his name celebrated by a number of Vocalises and Sol-feggios, which are extensively used here as well as in Europe, has arranged a number of concerted pieces for the use of young misses at Seminaries or Colleges. They are mostly for 3 voices, and may be sung by one or fifty voices on a part; some very easy, and a few difficult. All of them are pleasing and of acknowledged merit. The "May queen" is one of the most simple ones. This Collection will be found truly invaluable by Teachers in Ladies' Schools. Other numbers will follow soon.

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